So off thy tender, watchful eye Beams on me with its wonted glow, But darke, ing chadows seem to its Upon thy once clear, placid brow.

Ainal deep forrows mark it now, And sliver threads twins with thy hair; My keenest puts is that to know My deeds in part have wrought them ther

How pulpable the past comes back, With all the see es that life endeard? I treat again my childbood's track, And feel again its joys and lears.

As mystic worlds to fancy's eye
Assume the form of some loved scene
Of youth's sweet sesson long past by,
Yet ever cling to memory green. So in my heart's most sacred place
'Tis deeper graved than any other.
Nor aught from thence shall e'er erase
The loved, the honored name of mother

AN AUTUMN EVE.

The autumn night is cold and drear,
The whiring leaves are brown and sear
The winds that whirl them to and troWith and forebodings of the snowBattle the cesemeols, shake the door,
And round the hone with insty rost,
Kway the bire trees, and then away
Durt madly in their noisy play.

Within, the fire burns warm and bright. The dog lies basking in the light. The boys about their father's knee List to some the of land or see. While grandps, in the ruddy glow. Sees scenes for gotten long ago. And mother sews with loring eyes. An fast the happy evening files -- Boston Transcript.

THE SHERIFF'S MISTAKE.

Thar's strangers," said the Sheriff, suidenly setting down his tin-cup of regulation whisky untouched, and shuf-

fling to the door. The Sheriff was a cafe man to believe, though how he made out anything in the blinding glare of evening sunlight that flooded the level prairie west of Buffalo Station no one but a professor of optics could have told. The old man had the eye of an engle.

"Two on 'em, with a pack-pony," he sided; and just then a sudden sunset shadow swept across the lonely waste, and we saw them too.

They were about a quarter of a mile away, heading for the station and its single combination building of store, dining-room and freight-house. They on at an easy gait, driving their pack-pony before them. As they neared us we could note the signs of hard travel about them. From their dust-sown clothing and their loose seats in the saddle, as well as the jaded canter of their ponies, everything in their appearance spoke of a long ride, and a weary

They crossed the track and drew up in the shade of the station, one of them only replying to the Sheriff's cheery hail with a curt nod. He dismounted with one leg crossed over the bow, and moment later his gaunt, buckskin-andfrieze garbed figure vanished in the cool shadow of the store.

"A likely boy," said the Sheriff, who had been eyeing his companion intently. They mought be Texican drovers-an'

have stood nearly six feet on his bare soles. His swartly face, handsome as a gypsy girl's, and delicately shaped and as any lady's, was framed with a shock of tangled, wavy hair, of whose black, glossy glory any court dame might have been proud; and his eyes, full, lustrous as those of a race horse, flashed under the finely-penciled brows. The hand which rested fazily on his knee was large, and in perfect keeping with his well-knit figure, but in ape clean cut and handsome as a

I was still scrutinizing this somewhat singular apparition with more than ordinary cariosity, when the Sheriff turned suddenly on me. Whar's yer pony, Tom?" he asked.

"Saddled ?"

"With a loose girth—yes."

"The sogers is in the Hundred Horn Gulch," he went on, speaking rapidly.
"Slide forrerd an' bring 'em up. May the big welf of Devil's Run devour me What was done to him? Why, great if them ain't two of our men."
I knew the Sheriff too well to hesitate

or question further. As I girted my pony in the shed, a shadow floated across the doorway and was gone. When I rode out the two strangers were cantering off to the southward, pointing for the Republican River, and as I gave my pony rein and galloped in the opposite direction, I saw the Sheriff mounting his big gray mare, which had been tied to the corner-post of the store.

The Sheriff and a party of soldiers

from Fort Harris were on the watch for the train-robbers, who had stopped the western-bound train at Big Springs eight days before, and who were supbe striking for the Texas border with their rich spoil. The soldiers, as the Sheriff had said, were posted in a ravine known as Hundred Horn Gulch, s few miles from the station, and where the main trail from the North Platte grossed the railroad track.

The sun was just dipping when I rode p to the station shead of my troopers. The Sheriff, who was studying the written description of the maranders by the wandering light, put himself at our head without a word, and we trailed off, a long line of creaking, jingling, hoof-beating clamor through the windy si-lence and gloom of the darkening prairie.

The ride was a long one, for our quarry had an honr's start of us, and the moon rose a globe of coppery fire and found us still clanking on. I had joined the Sheriff and the leader of the oldiers. We were a silent trio until I "Are you certain, Sheriff, of our

"Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the sublime night with a sigh which seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what to say, "Let me alone. I know the l'm about, and won't be questioned. Silence again. The brisk breeze was blowing rifted clouds across the face of the moon, mottling the dim plain with fantastic shadows. Suddenly these clouds swept away. A full, clear burst of light flooded the prairie, and not

half a mile away we saw three moving figures which, in the now marvelously brilliant lunar illumination, could be easily distinguished as those of two mounted men and a pack animal.

The wind was in our faces, blowing the noise of our approach from the fugi-

tives' cars, and though we rode hard, and with no attempt at stealthiness, was not until we were close upon them that they suddenly drew in and faced about, both men sitting boit upright in their saddles, with their hands at their hips. In gesture and bearing they meant fight, and looked every inch desperate and dangerous men.

We halted, too. For a moment a dead allege fell upon up. Then the Sherid's

silence fell upon us. Then the Sheriff's gray mare neighed, and the charm was broken. "Who's there?" called one of the

fugitives in Spanish, emphasizing the challenge by the sharp click of his pistol as he brought it to a cock.

The rattle of a dozen carbines falling into position drowned the Sheriff's reply

into position drowned the Sheriff's reply. Then the clear voice of the younger fugitive arose: "If we must die, we might as well die like men," it said.

What followed was almost like the flaming of a flash of lightning. I heard the Sheriff call out, "Throw up your hands!" and saw him spur straight for the strangers; then came a flash, a rattling fire of carbines and revolvers, and a fierce oath from a trooper behind me, who tumbled from his saddle with his thick annualed. At the same time and thigh smashed. At the same time, and before I could kick clear of the stirrups my poor pony staggered and fell dead, with a pistol ball between his eyes, and

in his fall, pinned me to the earth The fight was as brief as it was furious, and like all really desperate encounters I ever witnessed, was an almost silent one, as far as any sound of voice went. But the sharp reports of revolvers and the duller discharge of carbines freighted the night wind, and the ground owls lumbered into a clumsy flight at the unwonted noises. Finally a single flash flamed across the light, thin vapor from the firing, a single report was blown to leeward, sharp and clear, and then the discharges ceased. With a desperate effort I dragged myself clear of my dead

animal and limped to my feet.

The Sheriff and half a dozen soldiers were grouped about the body of one of the fugitives. Another soldier supported the figure of the "likely boy," Some black shapes on the prairie marked the whereabouts of the rest of the dozen troopers, and told at what cost the vic

The boy himself, only held upright by the soldier's strong arm, was still alive. The bright moonlight shining on his handsome, girlish face, lighted it unearthly beauty. In the struggle his coat had been torn off, and a broad, dark, slowly-spreading smear was visible on his coarse, gray shirt. His breathing was hoarse and quick, the sure index to

a shot in the lungs.
"He's goin'," said the Sheriff, mopping the blood from a bad cut in his forehead with his sleeve. "Great

snakes! what a fight he made!"
"Here's the pony, Sheriff."
One of the men led the pack-pony,
which during the entire fight had been quietly grazing at a little distance off, up to the group. With a quick jerk he dragged off the tattered blanket which covered the pack.

There were a few camp utensils, provisions, and a bulging sort of double bag thrown over the fronts of the pannier. With an effort he pulled this off, its weight tore it from his hands and it fell with a metallic crash. As it stiffly, addressed a few words to his struck the earth its seams burst. The companion, who remained in the saddle queer-shaped sack was simply an old pair of pants with the legs tied up, and its contents rolled, jingling and sparkling, over the short grass, a cascade of

minted gold. Before the ring of the precious metal had died away, the group about the dead man and the wounded boy parted with an exclamation of startled surprise. then agin they moughtent."

With an exclamation of startled surprise.

The boy had suddenly struggled to his ively, never relaxing the scrutiny of the feet. He stood swinging dizzily to and mounted stranger. That person was a fro for an instant, and then, snatching a "likely boy" indeed. Afoot he might revolver from the belt of the amazed blank at one of his captors directly in

The man fell dead, and his murderer

arm about its neck. " * * *
Strange! Well, however that may be Of course you have suspected all along that the handsome boy was a woman. Well, he wasn't! and what was more, the pair, far from being the train robbers, were a worthy Texan drover and his son, who had sold out their beasts at North Platte and were on their way home with the money. They had \$11,000 in coin with them, and probably fancied that our party were the very robbers for whom we mistook them. The boys had the laugh on the Sheriff for many a long

Scott, stranger, what do you suppose? Are we not all liable to mistakes?

A New Trick.

He was long in the limbs and short in the trowsers, and he strode with a step that betokened the follower of agricultural implements. Passing a cigar store where a knot of young-gentlemen loungers were deeply engrossed in conversa-tion, his eye was caught by the pale clitter of a silver half-dollar lying on the pavement. First he passed it, but couldn't stay passed; then he came back and stood for a moment wrestling with the desire to own that miniature bonanza. He looked around—the young gentlemen were still absorbed—then quickly stooped and picked it up, and then quickly stopped stooping and put it down, and a little howl and two blistered finger-ends, and a singularly con-cealed laugh of the suddenly disengaged young gentlemen, were the only trifles that showed he had just been made acquainted with the new trick of the "hot half-dollar, or the absorbed loungers."

THAT was a sad, sad affair that hap pened recently. A young man, upon learning that a young lady whom he adored—but whose love for him was not very warm-was about to sail for Europe, engaged passage on the same vessel, so that he might bask in her smiles during the voyage. But he didn't bask much. The second day out he was seized with an internal commotion—a wrenching and wretched feeling that threatened to turn him inside out, and until he reached Liverpool he was the most mise-rable man in the world. The young lady made her appearance regularly at meals, with an appetite as savage as a Sitting Bull Indian, and flirted like all creation with a young Englishman who were sideboard collars and a Scotch cap. When the young man learned this he had a serious relapse, and wished he was home. Some old scientist says the ocean will be entirely dried up a few million years hence, and the blighted young man has concluded to patiently wait until that period arrives, and then return home overland.—Norristown Herald.

ONE reason why more people did not get into the Ark is, that Noah neglected to advertise in the daily papers. There is a great moral lesson contained in this

Some Curious Customs of our English Cousins.

|New York Graphie, | Flag-staffs are poked out of thechurch steeples. Omnibus drivers are quite dandvish in dress, wear gloves, and sometimes a rose in the button-hole. sometimes a rose in the button-hole. Local elections and business notices are posted on the church doors. Gravestones in old chhrchyards are laid flat on the ground and graveyards are paved with epitaphs. No drug stores open on Sunday until six o'clock p. m. A single woman, after forty, is called "Mrs.," out of courtesy. No free lounging offices or halls in the hotels. Every bar-room is a "public-house." Women and men promiscuous patronizers of bars. In promiscuous patronizers of bars. In dress, women are cumbrously baggy about the skirts. Average female shoe clumsy and ill-fitting. Sad change from Parisian grisette in plain and black, white collar, low slippers and bare head. But the English soldier is far beyond the French in build, carriage, uniform and general appearance. Fine animals. Shops for selling cook food abundant; such as roasts of all kinds, corned beef and boiled vegetables. Fine meats, too. For sixpence a square meal may be bought and carried home in a paper; also, eel and kidney pies for a penny. "Noted Eel Pie Houses" all penny. "Noted Eel Pie Houses" all over London. A workingman may buy his steak or chop at the butcher's and have it cooked at the chop house. The sign "no charge for cooking" is comsign "no charge for cooking" is common in the chop house windows. A cup of tea is one penny, coffee ditto. The tea is good; the coffee villainous. This is a plain poor man's living. A penny will give a beggar a menl, viz., bowl of soup and bread. Shops much ornamented with heavy brass moldings mounted on wood. In this damp climate it's one starnal seruh and polish to mate it's one eternal scrub and polish to keep them bright. They are frequently movable and are taken within at night; otherwise they are stolen. Singular sight, though, to see a shopman thus dismounting the ornamentation of his shop doors and windows. There are miles on miles of small, two story cottages. In these live the working people. Six story tenements, a la New York, are unknown. The poor man's street here is narrow and grimy, but the house has more comfort than that of Gotham. Tens of thousands in London have their bit of backyard and strip of front garden. Baths, warm and cold, are abundant. Cold, one penny; warm, two pence. Best class, six pence, including soap and towel. Excellent gin at forty cents per pint. The stuff sold in New York for "Old Tom." at one dollar per bottle is alcohol in comparison. One needs now to visit Europe to learn what good liquor means. Dirt is abundant on both men and women in East London. For greasy and rotten rags on men and women, London stands A 1. Thames steam ferry boats cheap, dingy and dirty. Funerals cheap. Can be buried for twenty dollars, with four hired mourners. Crape a yard's length dangling from their hats like a pirate's flag, red noses, black suits, well inked at seams. Don't know who you are, what you are, where you came from, or where you're going to. No matter. Will mourn all the same and after funeral

adjourn to the nearest public house and pray for another subject to mourn over. More gas in the street at night than in New York. More life, stir, bustle and street shows, such as "Punch and Judy," band of street negro minstrels, Irish ballad singers, Highland pipers, Italian ditte, German bands, pavement sketching artists with colored chalks, Bible residers, performing dogs, cats.

The Growth of Trees. The rate of growth of certain trees soldier who stood beside him, fired point tance in forestry. We may confine any blank at one of his captors directly in remarks to a few of our common trees. A cross cut near the ground at the base The man fell dead, and his murderer, with the smoking pistol still in his hand, tottered forward a step and sank in a number of layers, called the "annual heap on the corpse of his companion, because of his companion, season, the whole bounded externally by the face upon its breast and one season, the whole bounded externally by the bank, of greater or less thickness Strange! Well, however that may be A careful inspection of cut stumps, so far, the strangest part is to come yet. counting the annual layers, and measurement of diameter and circumference, will often yield very interesting results regarding age and rate of growth in different years.

adjourn to the nearest public house and

Bible readers, performing dogs, cats, mice and birds, acrobats and tumblers.

By ascertaining the exact date on which a tree was cut, each annual layer may be referred to the year of development, and a summary so all can be carried off by simply applying a strip of writing paper from the outer margin of the pith to the outer edge of the layer next the bark, and then with a pencil making a mark on the paper opposite the margin of each zone. some cases, such as the oak, the annual layers are rather uniform and of moderate thickness, the rate of growth being slow. In the ash they are generally of considerable breadth, indicating quickgrowth; but this is a habit to vary according to the character of the season in cold, ungenial summers the rate is less than in those of an opposite kind. And here we may give a very notable example, observed some years ago when collecting materials for a paper on the Forest Trees of Aberdeenshire.

In the interior of the county, a number of ash stumps, all at the same place, were found to have one hundred and eleven zones; the trees had been cut down—near the root—in 1838. On sounting back from the extreme annual layer, it was observed that two of the sones, very much thinner than the others, corresponded to the year 1781 and 1789. On making inquiry of some aged persons, it was stated that 1781 was noted for its cold, ungenial summer, that 1782 was still worse, and, in fact, a year of famine in the northeast of otland; even in October of that year the harvest was scarcely begun; several frosts and heavy falls of snow destroyed the standing corn, a large proportion of which remained uncut at the end of December. Here two ungenial years were permanently recorded in the hearts of old trees.

Etiquette for Widows and Widowers.

It is contrary to custom to invite guests to the marriage of a widow. If a widower marries a young girl the eti-quette is the same as that of a first marquette is the same as that of a first marriage. A widow must marry in the morning early, without show, and has only her witnesses and those of her intended. Her dress must be plain, of quiet color; black however, is not admissible. On leaving church the bride invites to breakfast the witnesses who have formed the party, but no other guests are invited to this repast. On the fifteenth day after the marriage guests are invited to this repast. On the fifteenth day after the marriage cards are sent bearing the new address of the married pair. A widow never makes wedding-calls after remarrying. Those who receive the cards do the visiting. There is a month allowed for the return of cards and the visits. When a single lady marries, after having passed the usual age for marriage, the ceremony should be simple and unobtrustve. Duration of Cables.

We are now getting some experience of the life of the Atlantic telegraphs cables, as two of the earliest laid, they of least terminated their existence. Last year an expedition for the repair of the 1855 cable, which failed January 13, 1877, returned to England after found that law the service of the 1866, which failed January 13, 1877, returned to England after found months, having repaired one fault on the New Foundians side and one on the law founding side and one of the latter of th We are now getting some experience of the life of the Atlantic telegraph cables, as two of the earliest laid, those of 1866 and 1866, may be said to have terminated their existence. Last year an expedition for the repair of the 1865 cable, which failed March 12, 1873, and of the 1866, which failed January 13, 1877, returned to England after four months, having repaired one fault on the New Foundland side and one on the Irish aide in the 1866 cable, and brought tion galvanized homogeneous wires, each wire being surrounded by Manila hemp strand, the 1865 cable being tarred, and that of 1866 untarred. Since these cables were laid the deep sea cables for the Indian lines have been manufactured with a light whipping of single yarn round the whole stranded wire covering, and then a layer of com-pounded silics and pitch. The 1873 and 1874 Atlantic cables are still further protected, as they have two good layers of jute yarn in opposite directions, with a layer of compound of pitch and silica on each. They are, therefore, far more protected against the effect of corrosion from external causes than the cables that have failed, and will probably last many years longer. Since the 1874 cable was manufactured a further improvement has been made by employing two ment has been made by employing two broad tapes of canvas covered with compound laid on in reverse direction round the cable. This makes an excelent pattern. Eugenie's Correspondent.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, during her recent visit to Vienna, received the usual immense quantity of begging letters and petitions. Among them was one from a little girl at Tulbing, Willna Wallwitz by name, which ran as follows: "Papa read to us in the paper that you were Empress of France, but preferred living in Vienna, and that you wished to buy a house in the suburbs. If you like, Empress, I will sell you ours. Papa would like to sell it I know, for he said to mamma: 'We ought to think about the children; if I could sell the house I would try to find a place in Vienna, where they could study better.' That is what he said, and when I heard him say what he said, and when I heard him say it I thought I would try and sell the house to you. It has just been repaired all through, and is painted pink, with green shutters; it is pretty—awful pretty, as you will say, Empress, when you see it. If you would only buy it I would like it so much, because here I can't learn much. We have a new teacher, and he is very nice, but I want to learn ambroidery, so as to make the learn make it is partly understand the witness stan' an' restin' onder enny desiderashun ob discriminatin' myrelf, but jess twixt us two I aint comin' way fum dar hongry!"

"I suppose you are not alone in your and their queen."

"No, sah! De fack is when er barbekue am pronounced I'se always foun' in de majority. De slimmes' foun' in de majority. De slimmes' regulitorkal pahty in de lan' hez jess pretty things for mamma—cushions all over embroidery like those at the mayor's house, which is full of nice furniture. So, Empress, if you really want to buy a house near Vienna, don't buy any till you have seen mine. Everything is cheap here; milk is only five kreutzers litre, and there are rabbits and hens. like rabbits, and you will, too, when you see how nice ours are. We have apples, too—trees full of them—and they are so good that my little brother ate too many of them and took sick, but the doctor says he will get well. There are also some pigeons and a dog; his name is Hanse, and my little brother plays with him because he doesn't bite. I hope the house will please your empressehip. If you want to buy it do not write to papa, but to me, for I want to surprise him. If you come to see it, stop at the Golden Cock and ask the landlord's daughter to go for me. Marie is her name, and she is my best friend."

Fall Shadows [Detroit Free Press.]

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, as he smiled down upon the brethren, "It am needless to remark dat the fall sezun am arrove. De days am gittin' in a hurry, and de nights am puttin' in heaps o' time for de money. Folks who hez been in de habit of exhibitin' demselves on de front doah steps for an hour or two after supper am now to be foun' aroun' de kitchen stove, and ice cream begins to bite de confidin' tongue. De long evenius am sort o' tiresome to de gen'ral run o' men, an' I want to say a word right heah an' now. From an' arter dis date de club library will be open ebery evenin', an' members ar' invited to drop in an' read up on history,
science, finance, and all de odder consistencies of de age. Dar will be slates
an' pencils heah to figger wid; dar will
be luxuries heah for writin' letters; dar
will be war maps o' New Jersey heah;
dar will be slee books, hymn books an' dar will be glee books, hymn books, an' a good fire, an' de man who doan' know nuffin' kin drop in heah an' fine out all about it, an' go home to his fam'ly wid a clean conscience an' a marble brow. De ideah am to keep off de streets an' outer de low places, an' at de same time plug de mind wid richness an' wisdom."

THE Charlotte Observer says a lady of that place has been suffering for two or three years with severe pains in the head and face. At times these pains have been almost unbearable, and were attended with considerable swelling in the upper part of the face. The symptoms were those of neutralizing and above. toms were those of neuralgia, and she was accordingly treated for that all-ment. Not long ago she told some one she believed there was a live bug or worm or something of that sort, in her head, that she could feel it move. A few days ago she blew her nose violently, when there came forth a curious looking animal, which was between a half and three quarters of an inch in length, and re-sembled a young catfish minus the fins. It was alive and kicking, but soon ex-pired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

They have commenced to put up but-ter in exps for exportation. By this means we can work off a good deal of hair, which the foreigners will buy, and be none the wiser until they open the

Sam. Lawson on the Deacon's Ross Trade.

will che't about hosses when they won't about most nuthin' else." And Sam. leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflection. "Yes, hosses does seem to be sort o' unregenerate critters," he broke out; "there's suthin about hosses that deceives the very elect; the best o' folks get tripped up when they come to

"Why Sam., is there anything bad about horses?" we interjected timidly. "Taint the horses, boys," said Sam with solemnity. "Lord Marsy, the hosses

The Political Value of Barbeenes. [Atlanta Constitution.]

Old Si come in to borrow a quarter. When asked why he wished to inflate,

he said:

"Dar's gwine ter be er barbekue down hyar in my foke's settlement an' I'se gwine down dar ter-morrer."

"What sort of a barbecue is it to be?"

"Well served a barbecue is it to be?"

"Well, yer jess orter come down dar and see fer yerself. De ole times hez come agin, fer er fack, an' fokes ar' gittin ter be fokes agin, sho' 'nuff." "Is it a political meeting?"
"I thinks dat politicks ar' mixt up in it somewhar', but dat's er subsidjuwary entrest in de affar! So far ez I kin lern

de dinner table ar' ter be de prinserpel intrackshun ter de peeple, urrespecktif er race, culler, er preevus kondishun of starvashun!"

"Is that why you are going?"

"Now, look here, boss, I ain't on de witness stan' an' restin' onder enny desiderashun ob discriminatin' myzelf,

perliterkal pahty in de lan' hez jess gotter git up er full dinner in de woods ter count hitself in! Hongry fokes aint got no politicks an' dev'll holler fer enny speaker dat bellers in heerin' distince ob the feed board. Er feller feelin' fer biskits an' briled shote aint gwine to stop ter reezin when de signel am gibben fer tree cheers an' mo' meat

at his end ob de table !" "Then you consider the barbecue happy political invention?" "Hit beats dis telerfone all t shucks, 'kase fokes can't feed on win an' afford ter holler, ter boot! I 'mem-bers in de ole times how dese barbekuer used to defeckt de fokes. De lates' an' bigges' barbekue always kerried de county, an' dat's what mekes me say dat de ole times her come agin'! Dey's come in er moughty good time, too. 'Kase ef dar's one thing dat de nigger hez bin peerin' inter de fucher arter de mos' sense de wah, hits bin dese barbe-kues! Dere's mo' seduckshun ter de averidge nigger in er pone er lite bred dan in forty flatforms an' when de licker circulates de only freedum dat de nuely enfrancheesed wants is er clar track ter de votin' poles; 'mind dat,

And the old man pocketed the quarter and slid.

Greenland Courtship.

When the Danish missionaries had se cured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman, as the Romans did the Sabine women, by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, the style of present courtship as follows The suitor, coming to the missionary said, "I should like to have a wife." "Whom?" asked the missionary. The

nan names the woman. Hast thou spoken to her?" Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes she is not unwilling, but thou knowest

More frequently the answer is "No."
"Why not?"
"It is difficult; girls are prudish.
Thou must speak to her."
The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says:
"I think it time to have thee married."

'I won't marry."
'What a pity! I had a suitor fre " Whom ?" The missionary names the man who

as sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing. I won't "But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill; and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers,—" I won't marry. I won't have him."
"Well, I won't force thee. I shall find a wife for such a clever tellow." The missionary remains silent, as bough he understood her "no" to have ended the matter.

At last, with a sigh, she whise "Just as thou wilt have it, missions "No," replies the clergyman, thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee."

Then, with a deep groan, come yes," and the matter is settled.

A Gypsy Queen and Her Dog. Mr. J. K. Onslow, a resident of Pa ducah, Ky., in a private letter to a friend narrates the following incident of the courage and devotion of Matilda Stan-ley, the late gypsy qu'en, who was bur-ied with such strange bonors at Dayton, Ohio.

"But the shore was lonely, no boat was to be had, and, as the gypsies were in anything but good repute in the neighborhood, there was not one of our party to volunteer a cold pluppe for the dog's sake, or hers either, for the Ohio was bank-full with floating ice on the surface, and it was in the dead of winter. So, without giving way to her enter the surface of th ter. So, without giving way to her entreaties, we advised her to leave Bulbo

to his fate.
"She Gorgonized us for an instant with a look of ineffable and regal scorn, that was by no means unbecoming to her, and then, without another word, plunged into the icy flood. She was a fine swimmer, and, reaching the animal just ere he was quite exbausted, she drew a small dagger from somewhere in the heavy solution. A Wheeling woman is so fleshy that the heavy coils of her glorious black hair, reached under him, and cut the en-tangling meshes, and then they swam back to the shore together.
"Struck with admiration, and not a

little shame-faced at what we had seen, we at once tendered any number of ulwe at once tendered any number of ulsters, overcoats, and wraps as she emerged, dripping and shivering, from the waves. But she proudly waved us off, caught up her red cloak, and then sped away after her dog, like a deer, toward the camp-fires that were twinkling.

The darkest moment in a man's life to the short her finds his toother. among the tents a short distance back in the forest.

"Though past middle age, Queen Matilda retained much of the dark Matilda retained much of the dark beauty and peculiar panther-like grace scenes should we witness if each pair of that are so often characteristic of the men that secretly laugh at each other younger and fortune-telling warmen. younger and fortune-telling women of her tribe, Tall, straight as an arrow, with regular features, brilliant black eyes, and a passionate swiftness of speech and gesture, it required but a glance at her commanding mien and lofty air to at least partly understand the

Lewis H. Wood and family, of Table Rock, were visiting at his brother's, John Wood, who lives seven miles west of Table Rock. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon their little boy aged between three and four, wandered away from the house, and when missed his parents a search of the entire place was instituted, but at dark no trace of the lost child could be found. A messenger was sent to the city to raise the citizens to search for the lost boy. The messengers arrived after the inhabitants had retired. The residence of Capt. G. M. Humphrey was sought out and he was informed what had happened. A few moments afterward the town was in a perfect state of excitement. Guns were fired, village bells were nearly jerked from their hangings, the news spread like fire over the city, and every heart warmed up in sympathy with the stricken parents. Teams were harnessed and horses were saddled, and a hundred men or more of the merchants, mechanics doctors, and lawyers of Pawnee hastened to the place where little Carl was lost. On arriving at Mr. Wood's place, Capt. Humphrey, somewhat of a military man, was elected Captain of the band. A deploy line half a mile long formed, and the Captain marched little army around the place, covering will be celebrated at St. George's Chapel, will be celebrated at St. Geo of timber half a mile further out. Mr.

Wood reached the timber about seven o'clock in the morning, and riding a few hours in the brush heard little Carl are two aundred feet deep. Each vilfew hours in the brush heard little Carl calling, "Oh, papa!" and rode in the direction from whence came the sound, and there he found the little fellow wandering through the brush, with his limbs tern and bleeding, having been scratched by the brush and grass. When little Carl saw his uncle he began to limbs tern and bleeding, having been scratched by the brush and grass. When little Carl saw his uncle he began to laugh, and ran toward him. When Mr. Wood asked him where he was the night before, he said he camped out. The glad news echoed along the line, and was quickly borne to the grief stricken father and mother. Capt. Humphrey and his band hastened to the house and delivered up little Carl to his father and mother, who completely broke down under their extreme joy, and every soul on the ground wept, and cheer after cheer of joy went up till the men were hoarse. Little Carl was lost to his parents over cightean hours, and slept alone in the woods all night, while the howling of wolves was heard by those who were anxiously and eagerly hunting for him. It seems that the child lay down and slept till toward morning, when he woke up and 't was dark, and laid down and slept till the sun was shining. Then he started to hunt his papa, which was a few moments before being found by his uncle. John Wood, one and three-fourths of a mile from where he started about elevan o'clock the day before.

HIS SHARW AND MENE ST SER S. S. B. PLATE. His share of flowers he took with him away; No more will blossom here so fair as they. His share of thorns he left—and, if they test My hands instead of his, I do not care. His awert eyes were so clear and lovely, but To look into the world's wild light and shot; Down in the cust they have their share of ales Their share of cear; is left for me to weep. Its share of thirst, and murmuring, and moan, And ories unsatizated shall be my own. He had his share of summer. Bird and the Worn here with him -with him they vanished

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

MEN of sound principles-Musicians. THE only way to have a friend is to be

" PARLOR matches"-Courting in the front room.

THE most perfect type of "sweet home" is the beehive. FINANCIAL views—Looking through a broker's window at the cash inside. "A PARTING glass"—The maiden's final look in the mirror at her new hat, Four men now living at Castleton, Vt., have had between them twenty

wives. THE Sage of Kinderbook says that the village girl's favorite Roman hero is Marius.

In selling sugar, the grocer should al-ways advise his cierk to learn to labor and to weigh it. An eighty-year-old woman at Sharon, Vt., is suffering with her second attack

of whooping-cough. LAWYERS are never more earnest than

when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

A WHEELING woman is so fleshy that she can't lean up against anything.-

It is easy to pick ho'es in other peo-ple's work, but is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

INSTRUCTIONS on the preservation of hearing say corners of towels should be kept out of children's ears.

The darkest moment in a man's life comes to him when he finds his tooth-brush imbedded in a cake of soap.—

were to do so openly. A RHODE ISLAND fisherman claims to

have landed a turtle weighing twelve hundred pounds—but he couldn't have landed it in his own State. ' MAN wants but little here below, nor wantr that little long "-if it is the patronage of a man who never pays his

debts .- Fond du Lac Reporter. Ir there is one time more than another that the iron enters a man's soul, it is when he treds on an inverted carpet-tack.—Phila. Saturday Eve. Post. WHEN a Nebraska man calls another a liar, there is no duel over it. The liar gulps it down and waits his chance to shoot the other man's hogs. - Detcoit Free

THE best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutise of the social virtues.

A coverous desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential and the taste of fruit is death.

"Love is blind," and that's the reason why it can get along with one small hand-lamp, turned down as low as it will go, as well as under a blazing chandelier of fifty burners. Ir you ain't an Ohio man you should

be very glad of it. True, the Ohio man gets all the fat offices, but when he dies the medical college invariably gets him. -Phila, Chronicle Brown paper, it is said on good au-thority, will preserve any thing that is wrapped up in it from the ravages of moths. It is a simple preventive, and

one well worth trying. THE marriage of their Royal High-nesses, the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaretha, of Prussia,

pointed a committee to find fault. AJAX defied the lightning, according to the old poets, with considerable success. It must be remembered, however, the fluid was not the modern New Jersey variety. This makes all the difference in the world.

THE corn looms up from the fields in shocks.

And the young man goeth for warmer socks.

And the pigeons akim through the air in flocks.

And a horseness hints when crow the cocks.

And the merchant "salted" his ammer stocks.

And the write hat getteth a host of knocks.

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THE Countess Marie Bismarck, the daughter of the Prince, is to be married sometime in the winter. She is a charming lady, and a great favorite with her father. Count Rautzan, her betrothed, is the descendant of an ancient family in Holstein, is a member of the German diplomatic corps, and has always been much liked by Prince Bismarck, who appointed him one of the secretaries to the late Congress.

A chesgyman, in speaking of one of his parishioners who was so given to arguments that it was difficult to converse with him on any subject, said: "Brother James is so argumentative that he will dispute with a guide-post about the distance to the next town, and argue with a tombstone as to the truth of its epiteph."